or

The Gods Grown old

R Grotesque Opera in Two Rcts

Libretto by W.S. Gilbert

Music by **Quade Winter**and

Arthur Sullivan

Quade Winter (201) 867-7038 eqwinter@gmail.com

#### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

~ 4005 ~

JUPITER APOLIO Aged Deities MAR8 DIANA	King of the Gods God of the Sun God Of War Goddess of the Moon	Bass Tenor Baritone Alto
MERCURY	God of Thieves	
	~ THESPIANS ~	
THESDIS	. Manager of a Theatrical Troupe	Basso-Buffo-Cantante
SILLIMON	His Stage Manager	Low Dass
	His Dromoter	ICHOI
&DADKEION	His Principal Comedian His Principal Comediane His Principal Soubrette	Tenor
NICEMIS	His Principal Comedienne	Soprano
DAPHNE	His Principal Soubrette	Mezzo-Soprano
TIDSTION	his Principal Low Comedian	, Chorde
PRIPOSTEROS	His Principal Heavy Villain	Chorus
PRETEIA		
CYMON	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	
EOS		Chorus & oprano
FOUR SOLI IN No. 4		

#### ACT 1

 $\Lambda$  Ruined Temple on the Summit of Olympus

#### AKT II

The Same, with the Ruins Restored

It is expressly forbidden to make cuts, additions, or alterations of any kind in either the text or music of *Thespis* for performing or any other purposes, except where these options are already marked.

QUADE WINTER

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#### THESPIS - The "First and Lost" Gilbert and Sullivan

John Hollingshead won his footnote to history by luring W.S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan to the Gaiety, London's newest burlesque theater. Gilbert, whose verse comedy, *Pygmalion and Galatea* had triumphed just three weeks earlier, and Sullivan, the rising hope of English music and friend to royalty, were to try their hands at making Offenbachian light opera into something English. The result was *Thespis*, or the Gods Grown Old, a holiday extravaganza that opened on "Boxing Day" (the day after Christmas) in London's West End, in 1871. Victorian burlesque was family entertainment – barely. It was a place of colorful costumes, girls, lavish scenery, girls, snappy, punheavy jokes, and girls. Subtlety need not apply. Hardly the atmosphere for a Gilbert and Sullivan plot splitting the hairs of classical mythology.

"It was put together in less than three weeks and was produced at the Gaiety Theater after a week's rehearsal," Gilbert grumbled years later. The morning-after *Daily Telegraph* put it more bluntly: "That the grotesque opera was sufficiently rehearsed cannot be allowed." The final curtain,

announced for eleven, was still up at midnight!

Legends cluster about *Thespis*. A failure? Certainly its 64 performances pale beside *H.M.S. Pinafore's* triumphant 571, but 64 for a "holiday piece" was good in those days. Indeed, it outran any other holiday show that year. Nevertheless, after it closed, both collaborators more or less forgot about their Olympian opera. Nobody was interested in publishing a vocal score, and the music was forever lost. Only two pieces now survive: the ballad "Little Maid of Arcadee," published separately as a drawing room ballad, and the chorus "Climbing over Rocky Mountain," recycled for the New York world premiere of *The Pirates of Penzance* in 1879.

The tale is told of Sullivan arriving in Manhattan and discovering to his horror that all his *Pirates* sketches for Act I had been left behind in London, and of Gilbert suggesting transforming the entrance of Thespians into the entrance of the Major General's daughters. A charming story and probably not true, unless Sullivan was in the habit of crossing the Atlantic with every scrap of music he owned. The original *Pirates* score is now in the J.P. Morgan Library in New York, and has the original *Thespis* pages sewn in, *Thespis* words crossed out, *Pirates* words inserted. Obviously the theft was premeditated and the yarn a red herring for long-memoried critics. The conclusion is clear: the authors did not expect *Thespis* to survive.

When I decided to try my hand at "completing" this opera, I knew that others had already tried filling out the libretto with tunes from lesser-known Sullivan pieces. I decided the hard way was going to be the easy way: leaving the two surviving numbers as they stood, I composed all the rest of the music afresh, starting from scratch.

With a little imagination, I invite all the fans of these light operas to imagine themselves back on that night in 1871 when the "innocent merriment" began.

QUADE WINTER

#### **GLOSSARY**

Respirator:

A cloth wrapped around the mouth to keep out the night dampness.

Life Pills:

Victorian equivalent of Geritol.

Invisible Peruke:

A hairpiece meant to be combed into what is left of existing hair, thus

rendered "invisible."

Chignon:

A hair extension for women.

**Auricomus Fluid:** 

(Pron. AH-ri-coh-mus) Peroxide.

**Pearl Powder:** 

Face powder.

Hare's Foot:

Used as a powder puff.

Dustman:

What the British call a garbage man.
One organized by the Thomas Cook Travel Agency.

Cook's Excursion: Claret Cup:

A punch made with red wine — use anglicized pronunciation: CLARE-ett. Yes, there really is such a place. Now a suburb of London, as is **Barking**.

Tooting:

Perth & Sterling:

Towns in Scotland.

Peeler:

Policeman (After Sir Robert Peel, founder of the London police force, where

they were called "bobbies" for the same reason.)

Work'us:

Work house.

Pipe Lights:

Matches — for lighting pipes with.

**Regent Circus:** 

Now called Piccadilly Circus — a circular intersection in central London

Life Office:

Life insurance office.

#### **PRONUNCIATION**

SPARKEION (spar-KEE-on)
NICEMIS (nye-SEE-miss)
PREPOSTEROS (pree-po-STARE-os)
TIPSEION (TIP-see-on)
MYTILENE (my-tuh-LEE-nee)

#### **ORCHESTRA**

2 Flutes (2nd doubles Piccolo), 1 Oboe, 2 Clarinets, 1 Bassoon, 2 Horns, 2 Trumpets, 2 Trombones Strings, Percussion (1 player)

The SATB chorus part of CLIMBING OVER ROCKY MOUNTAIN is Sullivan's. It has been copied from the manuscript pages cut from the original orchestra manuscript of *Thespis* and bound into the full score of *The Pirates of Penzance*, which can be seen in the collection of the J.P. Morgan Library in New York City (Accession number MA 2500-2501, Record ID 115806.)

To

James "Doc" Stuart

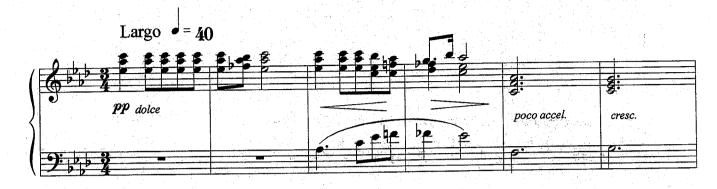
Who Saw Something In It

# THESPIS

Libretto by W.S. Gilbert

~ Overture ~

Music by Quade Winter Arthur Sullivan











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# THESPIS

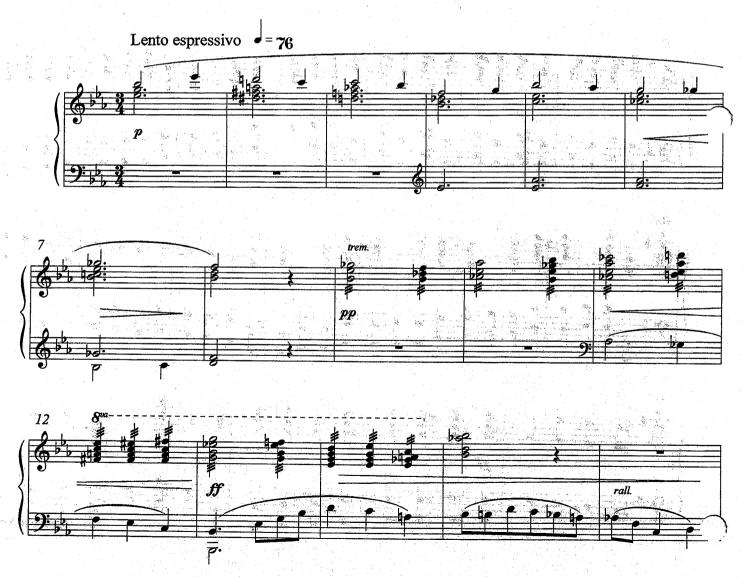
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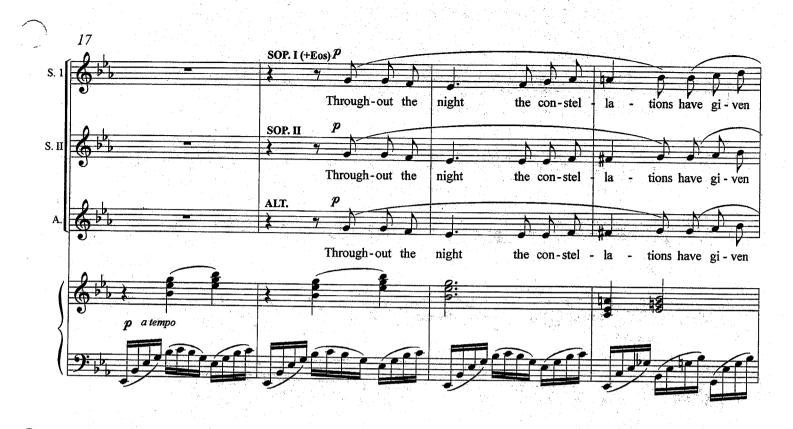
#### No. 1

# "Throughout the Night"

Chorus of Stars (S. S. A.), Eos (Solo Soprano)

SCENE. The ruins of The Temple of the Gods on the summit of Mount Olympus. Picturesque shattered columns, overgrown with ivy, etc., R. and L., with entrances to temple (ruined) R. Fallen columns on the stage. At the back of stage is the approach from the summit of the mountain. This should be 'practicable' to enable large numbers of people to ascend and descend. In the distance are the summits of adjacent mountains. At first all this is concealed by a thick fog, which clears presently. Enter (through fog) CHORUS OF STARS coming off duty, fatigued with their night's work.



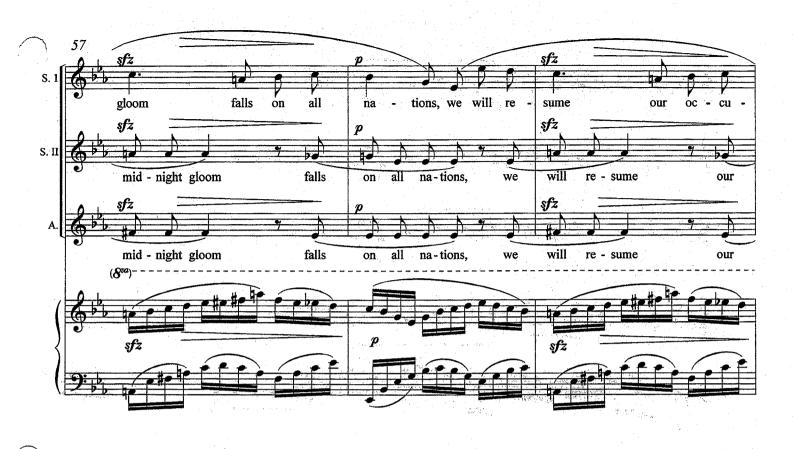




















(During Chorus enter DIANA, an elderly Goddess. She is carefully wrapped up in Cloaks, Shawls, etc. A hood is over her head, a respirator in her mouth, and goloshes on her feet. During the chorus she takes these things off, and discovers herself dressed in the usual costume of the Lunar Diana, the Goddess of the Moon. At the end of the song, exit CHORUS OF STARS)

**DIANA** (Shuddering). Ugh! How cold the nights are! I don't know how it is, but I seem to feel the night air a great deal more than I used to. But it is time for the sun to be rising. (Calls.) Apollo.

APOLLO. (Within). Hollo!

**DIANA**. I've come off duty — it's time for you to be getting up.

(Enter APOLLO. He is elderly 'buck' with an air of assumed juvenility, and is dressed in dressing gown and smoking cap.)

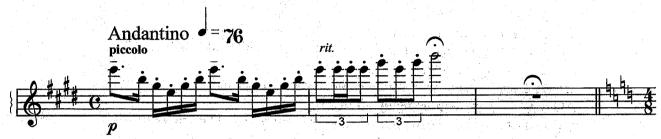
**APOLLO.** (yawning). I shan't go out today. I was out yesterday — and the day before and I want a little rest. I don't know how it is, but I seem to feel my work a great deal more than I used to.

**DIANA.** I'm sure these short days can't hurt you. Why, you don't rise till six and you're bed again by five: you should have a turn at my work and see how you like it — out all night!

APOLLO. My dear sister, I don't envy you though I remember when I did — but that was when I was a younger sun. I don't think I'm quite well. Perhaps a little change of air will do me good. I've a great mind to show myself in London this winter, they'll be very glad to see me. No, I shan't go out today. I shall send them this fine, thick, wholesome fog and they won't miss me. It's the best substitute for a blazing sun and like most substitutes, nothing at all like the real thing. (To fog.) Be off with you!

# No. 2 Dispersion of Fog and Mercury's Entrance (Orchestra)

(Fog clears away and discovers the scene described.)



(Hurried Music. MERCURY shoots up from behind precipice at back of stage. He carries several parcels afterwards described.)



MERCURY. (Sits down very much fatigued) Home at last! A nice time I've had of it. DIANA. You young scamp, you've been down all night again. This is the third time you've been out this week.

MERCURY. Well, you're a nice one to blow up for that.

DIANA. I can't help being up all night

MERCURY. And I can't help being down all night. The nature of Mercury requires that he should go down when the sun sets, and rise again when the sun rises.

**DIANA**. And what have you been doing?

MERCURY. Stealing, on commission. There's a set of false teeth and a box of Life Pills — that's for Jupiter — An invisible peruke and a bottle of hair dye — that's for Apollo — A respirator and a pair of goloshes — that's for Cupid — A full-bottomed chignon, some auricomous fluid, a box of pearl-powder, a pot of rouge, and a hare's foot — that's for Venus.

DIANA. Stealing! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

MERCURY. Oh, as the god of thieves I must do something to justify my position.

DIANA. (contemptuously). Your position!

MERCURY. Oh I know it's nothing to boast of, even on earth. Up here, it's simply contemptible. Now that you gods are too old for your work, you've made me the miserable drudge of Olympus — groom, valet, postman, butler, commissionaire, maid of all work, parish beadle, and original dustman.

APOLLO. Your Christmas boxes ought to be something considerable.

MERCURY. They ought to be but they're not. I'm treated abominably. I make everybody and I'm nobody — I go everywhere and I'm nowhere — I do everything and I'm nothing. I've made thunder for Jupiter, odes for Apollo, battles for Mars, and love for Venus. I've married couples for Hymen, and six weeks afterwards, I've divorced them for Cupid — and in return I get all the kicks while they pocket the ha'pence. And in compensation for robbing me of the ha'pence in question, what have they done for me?

APOLLO. Why they've — ha! ha! they've made you the god of thieves!

MERCURY. Very self-denying of them — there isn't one of them who hasn't a better claim to the distinction than I have.

### No. 3 ~ "Oh, I'm the Celestial Drudge" Mercury, Diana & Apollo



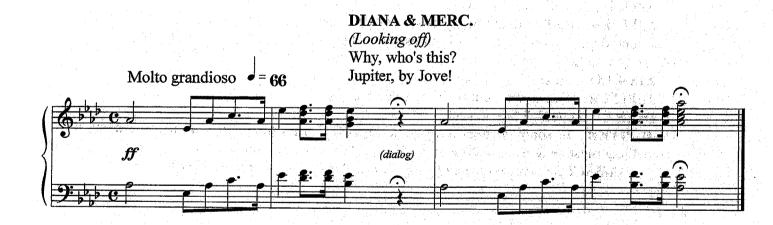








No. 4 Jupiter's Entrance (Orchestra)



(Enter JUPITER, an extremely old man, very decrepit, with very thin straggling white beard, he wears a long braided dressing gown, handsomely trimmed, and a silk night-cap on his head. MERCURY exits respectfully when he enters.)

**JUPITER** Good day, Diana — ah Apollo — Well, well, well, what's the matter? What's the matter?

**DIANA.** Why, that young scamp Mercury says that we do nothing and leave all the duties of Olympus to him! Will you believe it, he actually says that our influence earth is dropping down to *nil*.

JUPITER. Well, well — don't be hard on the lad — to tell you the truth, I'm not sure that he's very far wrong. Don't let it go any further, but, between ourselves, the sacrifices and votive offerings have fallen off terribly of late. Why, I can remember the time when people offered us human sacrifices — no mistake about it — human sacrifices! Think of that!

DIANA. Ah! those good old days!

JUPITER Then it fell off to oxen, pigs, and sheep.

**APOLLO** Well, there are worse things than oxen, pigs, and sheep.

**JUPITER** So I've found to my cost. My dear sir — between ourselves, it's dropped off from one thing to another until it has positively dwindled down to preserved Australian beef! What do you think of that?

APOLLO I don't like it at all.

JUPITER You won't mention it — it might go further.

**DIANA** It couldn't fare worse.

JUPITER In short, matters have come to such a crisis that there's no mistake about it something must be done to restore our influence, the only question is, what?

(MERCURY screams from offstage. Enter MERCURY dragging MARS)

No. 5
"Oh Incident Unprecedented"
Mercury, Diana, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter





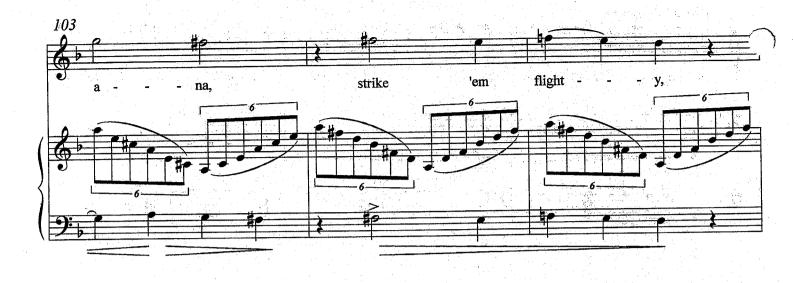
























## No. 6\*

## "Climbing Over Rocky Mountain" Chorus with Solos

(Enter NICEMIS, SPARKEION and other members of THESPIS'S company climbing over rocks at back. All carry small baskets.)



\*The SATB chorus part of CLIMBING OVER ROCKY MOUNTAIN is Sullivan's. It has been copied from the manuscript pages cut from the orchestra score of Thespis and bound into the full score of The Pirates of Penzance, which can be seen in the collection of the J.P. Morgan Library in New York City (Accession number MA 2500-2501, Record ID 115806.)







\* Suggested distribution of the solos: 1st: Baritone

2nd: Soprano 3rd: Bass

4th: Alto















**SPARK**. Here we are at last on the very summit and we've left Thespis ever so far behind! Why, what's this?

PRITTEIA. A ruined Palace! A Palace on the top of a mountain.

SILLIMON. I wonder who lives here?

**DAPHNE**. Some mighty king I dare say, with wealth beyond all counting, who came to live up here

TIMIDON. To avoid his creditors!

SPARK. It's a lovely situation for a country house, though it's very much out of repair.

NICEMIS. Very inconvenient situation.

SPARK. Inconvenient?

NICEMIS. Yes — how are you to get butter, milk and eggs up here? No pigs — no poultry — no postman. Why, I should go mad.

SPARK. What a dear little practical mind it is! What a wife you will make!

NICEMIS. Don't be too sure — we are only partly married — the marriage ceremony lasts all day.

**SPARK**. I've no doubt at all about it. We shall be as happy as a king and queen, though we are only a strolling actor and actress.

NICEMIS. It's very kind of Thespis to celebrate our marriage day by giving the company a picnic on this lovely mountain.

SPARK. Considerate Thespis! (Kissing her.)

NICEMIS. There now, get away, do! Remember the marriage ceremony is not yet completed. How dare you kiss me before we are quite married.

SPARK. Attribute it to the intoxicating influence of the mountain air.

NICEMIS. Then we had better go down again. It is not right to expose ourselves to influences over which we have no control.

No. 6-a "Here far Away from All the World"







\* "Ah" if you must

SPARK. Very well if you won't have anything to say to me, I know who will.

**NICEMIS.** Who will?

SPARK. Daphne will.

NICEMIS. Daphne would flirt with anybody.

**SPARK**. Anybody would flirt with Daphne. She is quite as pretty as you and has twice as much back-hair.

NICEMIS. She has twice as much money, which may account for it.

SPARK. At all events she has appreciation. She likes good looks.

**NICEMIS.** We all like what we haven't got.

SPARK. She keeps her eyes open.

NICEMIS. Yes — one of them.

SPARK. Which one?

**NICEMIS.** The one she doesn't wink with.

**SPARK**. Well, I was engaged to her for six months, and if she still makes eyes at me, you must attribute it to force of habit. Besides, remember we are only half-married at present.

**NICEMIS.** I suppose you mean that you are going to treat me as shamefully as you treated her. Very well, break it off if you like. I shall not offer any objection. Thespis used to be very attentive to me, and I'd just as soon be a manager's wife as a fifth-rate actor's!

(Enter THESPIS climbing over rocks.)

THESPIS. Bless you, my people, bless you. Let the revels commence. After all, for thorough, unconstrained, unconventional enjoyment give me a picnic.

PREPOSTEROS. (Very gloomily). Give him a picnic, somebody!

THESPIS. Be quiet, Preposteros. Don't interrupt.

PREPOS. Ha! ha! shut up again! But no matter.

(TIMIDON endeavours, in pantomime, to reconcile him. Throughout the scene PRE-POSTEROS shows symptoms of breaking out into a furious passion and TIMIDON does all he can to pacify and restrain him.)

**THESPIS**. The best of a picnic is that everybody contributes what he pleases, and nobody knows what anybody else has brought till the last moment. Now, unpack everybody, and let's see what there is for everybody.

NICEMIS. I have brought you — a bottle of soda water for the claret cup.

**DAPHNE**. I have brought you — a lettuce for the lobster salad.

SPARK. A piece of ice for the claret cup.

PRETTEIA. A bottle of vinegar for the lobster salad.

CYMON. A bunch of burrage for the claret cup!

TIPSEION. A hard-boiled egg for the lobster salad!

TIMIDON. One lump of sugar for the claret cup!

PREPOS. He has brought one lump of sugar for the claret cup! Ha! ha! (Laughing melodramatically.)

TIMIDON. Well, Preposteros, and what have you brought?

**PREPOS**. I have brought two lumps of the very best salt for the lobster salad.

THESPIS. Oh... is that all?

PREPOS. All! Ha! Ha! He asks if it is all!

(TIMIDON consoles him.)

**THESPIS.** But I say this is capital, as far as it goes — nothing could be better, but it don't go far enough. The claret, for instance! I don't insist on claret — or a lobster — I don't insist on lobster, but a lobster salad without a lobster, why it isn't lobster salad. Here, Tipseion!

**TIPSEION** (a very drunken bloated fellow, dressed however with scrupulous accuracy and wearing a large medal round his neck). My master? (Falls on his knees to THESPIS and kisses his robe.)

**THESPIS.** Get up — don't be a fool. Where's the claret? We arranged last week that you were to see to that?

TIPSEION. True, dear master. But then I was a drunkard!

THESPIS. You were.

**TIPSEION**. You engaged me to play convivial parts on the strength of my personal appearance.

THESPIS. I did.

TIPSEION. You then found that my habits interfered with my duties as low comedian.

THESPIS. True.

**TIPSEION**. You said yesterday that unless I took the pledge you would dismiss me from your company.

THESPIS. Quite so.

**TIPSEION**. Good. I have taken it. It is all I have taken since yesterday. My preserver! (*Embraces him*.)

**THESPIS**. Yes, but where's the wine?

TIPSEION. I left it behind, that I might not be tempted to violate my pledge.

**PREPOS.** Minion! (Attempts to get at him — is restrained by TIMIDON.)

**THESPIS.** Now, Preposteros, what is the matter with you?

**PREPOS**. It is enough that I am downtrodden in my profession. I will not submit to imposition out of it. It is enough that as your heavy villain I get the worst of it every night in a combat of six. I will not submit to insult in the day time. I have come out, ha! ha! to enjoy myself!

**THESPIS.** But look here, you know — virtue only triumphs at night from seven to ten — vice gets the best of it during the other twenty-one hours. Won't that satisfy you? (TIMIDON endeavours to pacify him.)

PREPOS. (irritated, to TIMIDON). Ye are odious to my sight! get out of it!

**TIMIDON** (in great terror). What have I done?

THESPIS. Now what is it, Preposteros, what is it?

PREPOS. I-a hate him and would have his life!

**THESPIS** (to TIMIDON). That's it — he hates you and would have your life — now go and be merry.

**TIMIDON**. Yes, but why does he hate me?

**THESPIS.** Oh... exactly. (*To PREPOSTEROS*.) Why do you hate him?

PREPOS. Because he is a minion!

**THESPIS**. He hates you because you are a minion. It explains itself. Now go and enjoy yourselves. Ha! ha! It is well for those who *can* laugh — let them do so — there is no extra charge. The light-hearted cup and the convivial jest for them — but for me — what is there for me?

SILLIMON. There is some claret cup and lobster salad (handing some).

**THESPIS** (taking it) Thank you. (Resuming.) What is there for me but anxiety — ceaseless gnawing anxiety that tears at my very vitals and rends my peace of mind asunder? There is nothing whatever for me but anxiety of the nature I have just described. The charge of these thoughtless revelers is my unhappy lot. It is not a small charge and it is rightly termed a lot, because they are many. Oh why did the gods make me a manager?

SILLIMON (as guessing a riddle). Why did the gods make him a manager?

SPARK. Why did the gods make him a manager?

**DAPHNE**. Why did the gods make him a manager?

**PRETTEIA.** Why did the gods make him a manager?

THESPIS. No... no... what are you talking about? What do you mean?

**DAPHNE.** I've got it... don't tell us

ALL. No... no... because... because...

**THESPIS** (annoyed). It isn't a conundrum... its a misanthropical question. Why cannot I join you? (Retires up center)

**DAPHNE** (who is sitting with SPARKEION to the annoyance of NICEMIS, who is crying alone). I'm sure I don't know. We do not need you — we are getting on very comfortably aren't we, Sparkeion?

**SPARK.** We are so happy that we don't miss the lobster or the claret. What are lobster and claret compared with the society of those we love! (*Embracing DAPHNE*.)

**DAPHNE**. Why, Nicemis, love, you are eating nothing. Aren't you happy, dear?

**NICEMIS** (Spitefully). You are quite welcome to my share of everything. I intend to console myself with the society of my manager. (Takes THESPIS'S arm affectionately.)

**THESPIS.** Here, I say — this won't do, you know I can't allow it — at least before my company besides, you are half-married to Sparkeion. Sparkeion, here's your half-wife impairing my influence before my company. Don't you know the story of the gentleman who undermined his influence by associating with his inferiors?

ALL. Yes, yes, we know it.

**PREPOS.** (furiously). I do not know it! It's ever thus! Doomed to disappointment from my earliest years (TIMIDON endeavours to console him.)

THESPIS. There — that's enough. Preposteros — you shall hear it.

(The THESPIANS accompany the refrain with train sound effects Bell, whistle, and locomotive, the props for which they produce from their picnic baskets.)

No. 7
"I Once Knew a Man"
Thespis (Chorus)



















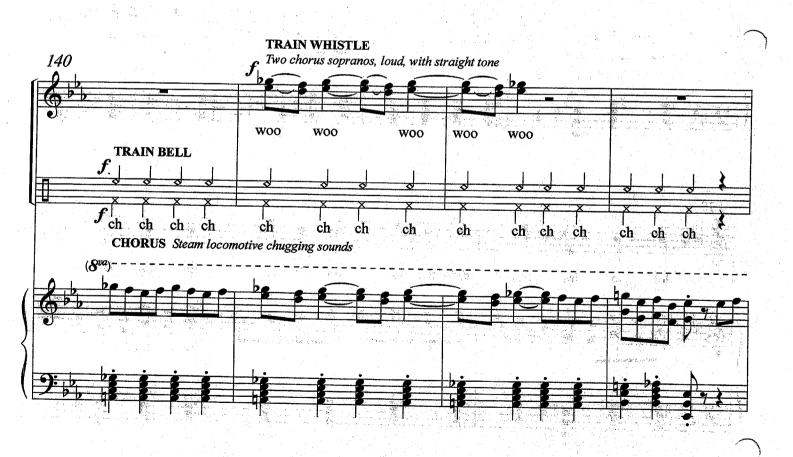














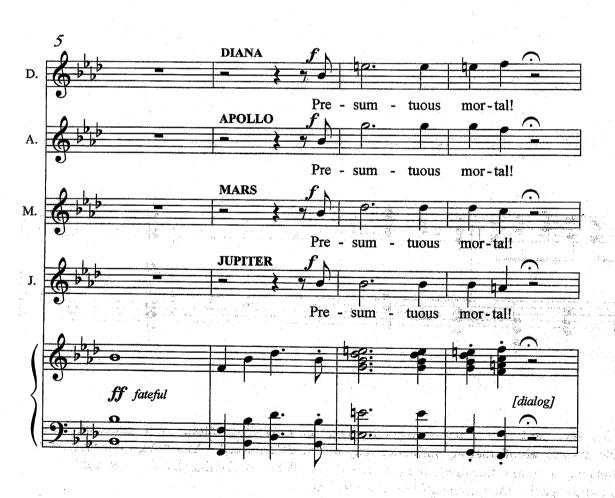
THESPIS. It's very hard. As a man I am naturally of an easy disposition. As a manager, I am compelled to hold myself aloof, that my influence may not be deteriorated. As a man, I am inclined to fraternize with the pauper — as a manager I am compelled to walk about like this: Don't know yah! Don't know yah! Oon't know yah! (Strides haughtily about the stage.)

## No. 8

# "Presumptuous Mortal" Diana, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, Thespis

(Thunder and lightning. JUPITER, MARS, and APOLLO, in full Olympian costume, appear on the three broken columns. THESPIANS scream)





### THESPIS (Same business) Don't know yah! Don't know yah!



### (TIMIDON and PREPOSTEROS seize APOLLO and MARS.)

**JUPITER**. Stop, you evidently don't know me. Allow me to offer you my card. (*Throws flash paper*.)

**THESPIS**. Ah, yes, it's very pretty, but we don't want any at present. When we do our Christmas piece I'll let you know. (*Changing his manner*.) Look here, you know, this is a private party and we haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance. There are a good many other mountains about, if you must have a mountain all to yourself. Don't make me let myself down before my company. (*Resuming*.) Don't know yah!

JUPITER. I am Jupiter, the King of the Gods. This is Diana, This is Apollo, Mars. (All kneel to them except THESPIS.)

**THESPIS**. Oh, then as I'm a respectable man, and rather particular about the company I keep, I think I'll go.

**JUPITER.** No... no... stop a bit. We want to consult you on a matter of great importance Privately, if you don't mind.

(THESPIS dismisses the COMPANY who hurry off in terror)

JUPITER There! Now we are alone. Who are you?

THESPIS. I am Thespis of the Thessalian Theaters.

**JUPITER**. The very man we want. Now, as a judge of what the public likes, are you impressed with my appearance as the father of the gods?

THESPIS. Well, to be candid with you, I am not. In fact I'm disappointed.

JUPITER. Disappointed?

**THESPIS.** Yes, you see you're so much out of repair. No, you don't come up to my idea of the part. Bless you, I've played you often enough.

JUPITER. You have!

THESPIS. To be sure I have.

JUPITER. And how have you dressed the part?

**THESPIS.** Fine commanding party in the prime of life. Thunderbolt — full beard — dignified manner — A good deal of this sort of thing: (*Imitating JUPITER*.) "Don't know yah! Don't know yah!"

**JUPITER** (*much affected*). I — I'm very much obliged to you. It's very good of you. I— I — I used to be like that. I can't tell you how much I feel it. And do you find I'm an impressive character to play?

THESPIS. Well, no, I can't say you are. In fact we don't use you much out of burlesque.

JUPITER. Burlesque! (Offended, walks up.)

**THESPIS**. Yes, it's a painful subject; drop it, drop it. The fact is, you are not the gods you were — you're behind your age.

**JUPITER.** Well, but what are we to do? We feel that we ought to do something, but we don't know what.

**THESPIS.** Why don't you all go down to Earth, incog, mingle with the world, hear and see what people think of you, and judge for yourselves, as to the best means to take to restore your influence.

JUPITER. Ah, but what's to become of Olympus in the meantime?

**THESPIS**. Lor' bless you, don't distress yourself about that. I've a very clever company, used to taking long parts on the very shortest notice. Invest us with your powers and we'll fill your places till you return.

JUPITER (aside). The offer is tempting. (to THESPIS) But suppose you fail?

THESPIS. Fail! Oh, we never fail in our profession. We've nothing but great successes!

JUPITER. Then it's a bargain?

THESPIS. It's a bargain. (They shake hands on it.)

**JUPITER**. And that you may not be entirely without assistance, we will leave you Mercury, and whenever you find yourself in a difficulty you can consult him.

(Enter MERCURY through trap).

# No. 9 (a) FINALE I "So That's Arranged" Jupiter, Mercury, Diana, Apollo, Mars















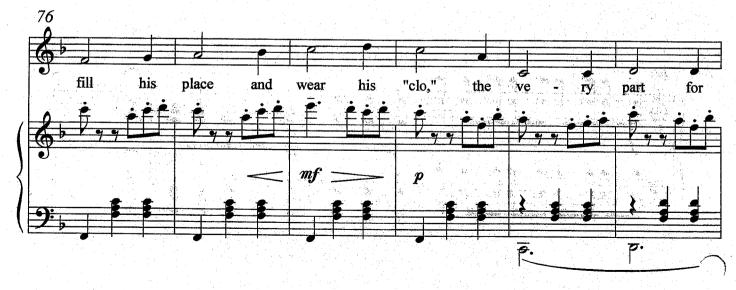
Applause segue

# (No. 9 ~ FINALE I) (b) ~ "While Mighty Jove" Ensemble



















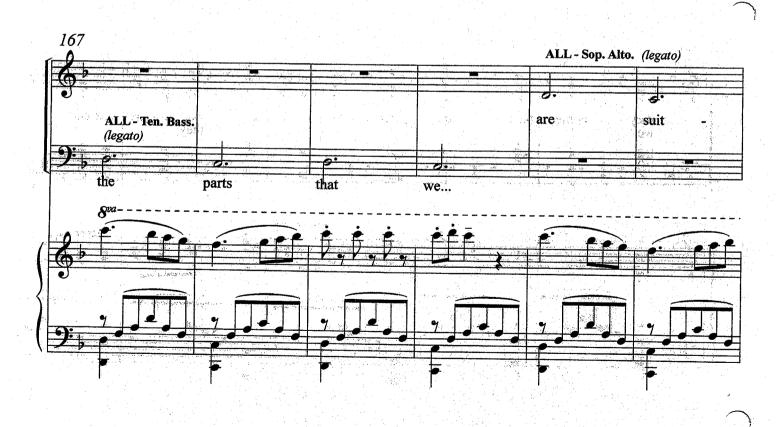


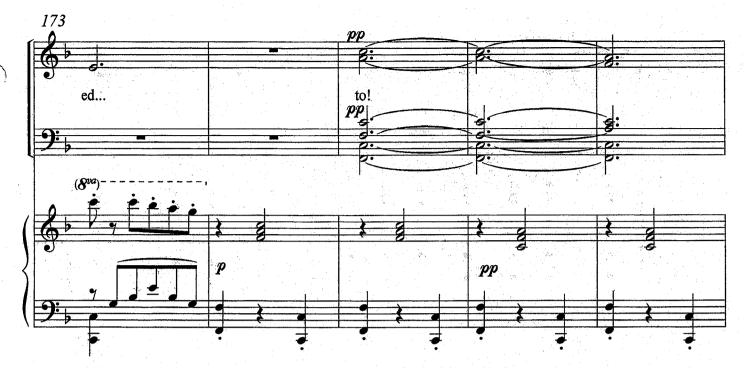












(THESPIS takes APOLLO'S emblem of godly office and, after a moment of consideration, bestows it — in the fermata — on SPARKEION. He repeats this process with the other Thespians.)



(c) ~ Quartet Sparkeion, Nicemis, Timidon, Daphne, Ensemble



















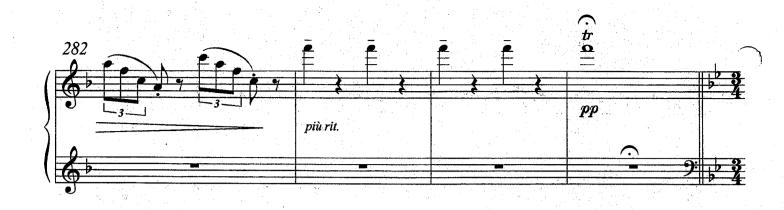




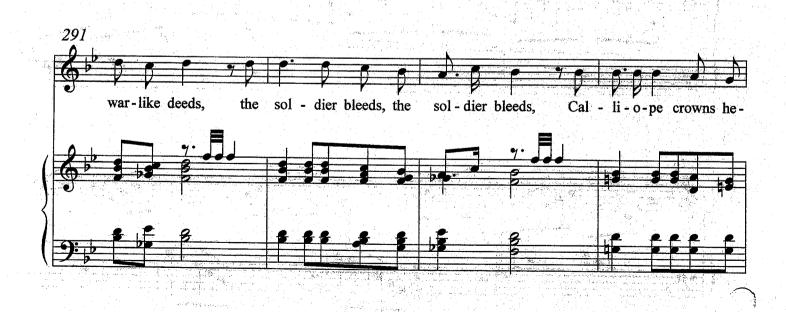


















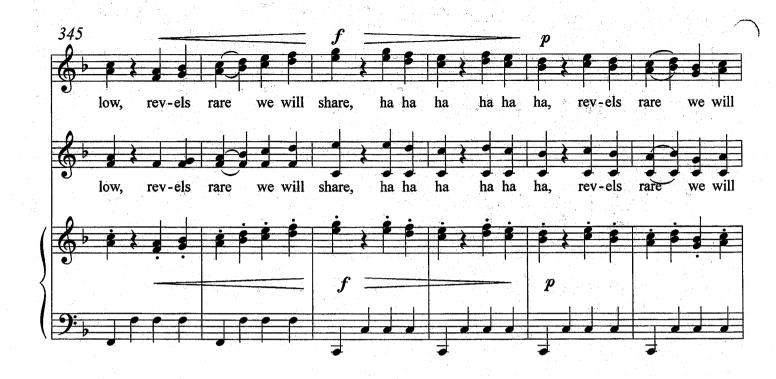


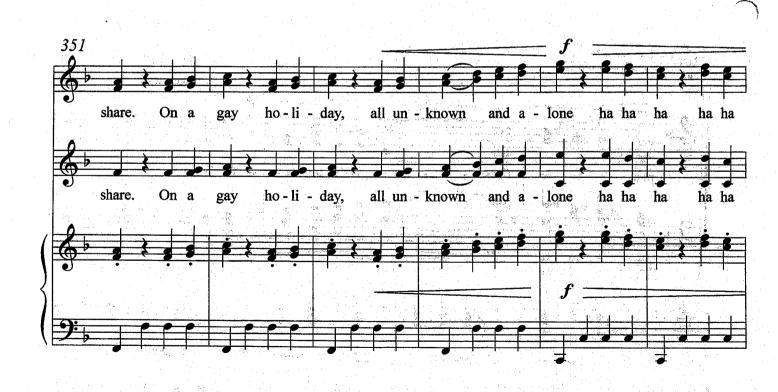


## (d) ~ Stretta Ensemble



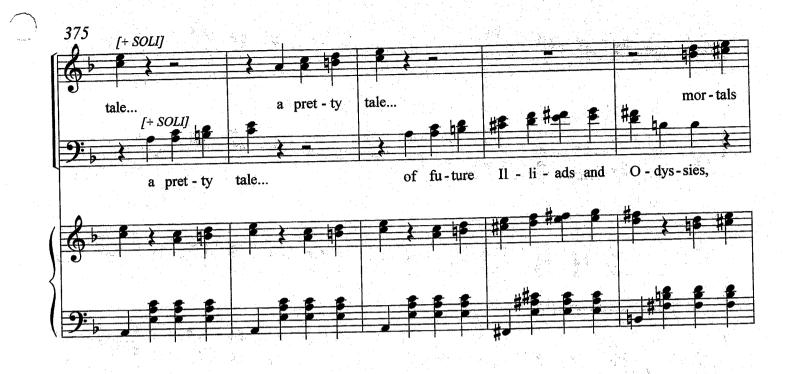








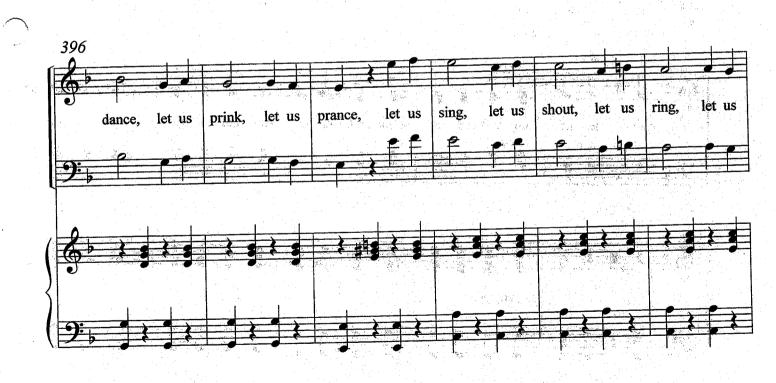










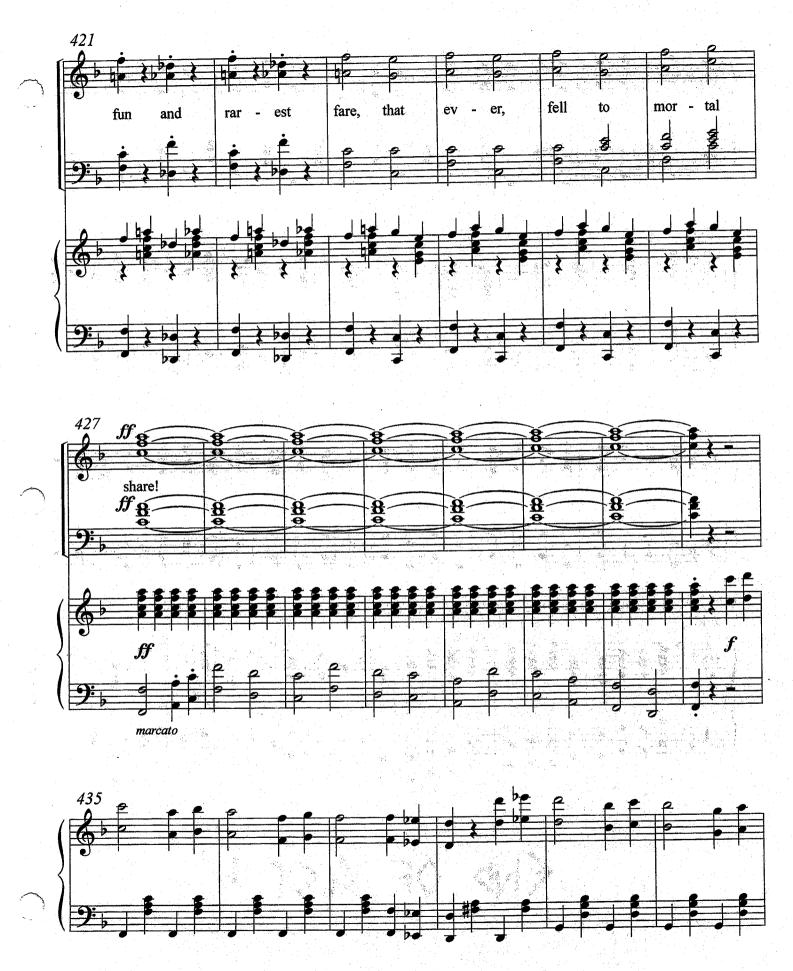














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## No. 10 "Of all Symposia" Sillimon & Chorus

(SCENE The same scene as in Act I with the exception that the ruins are now repaired and restored to their former splendor. The substitute gods and goddesses — that is to say, THESPIANS, including SILLIMON, NICEMIS, PRETTEIA and SPARKEION — are discovered grouped in picturesque attitudes about the stage, eating, drinking and singing the following verses:)

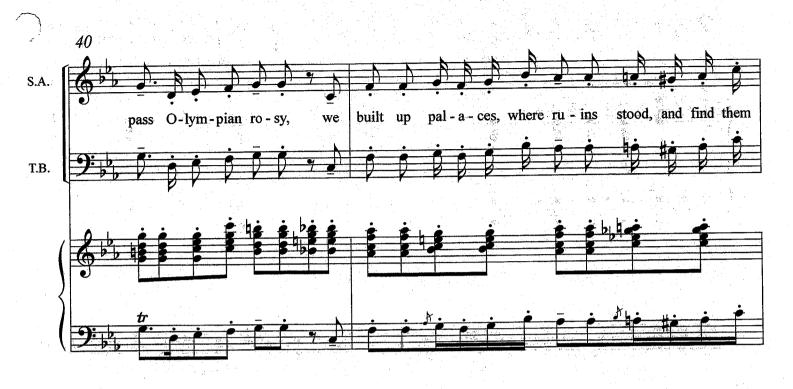










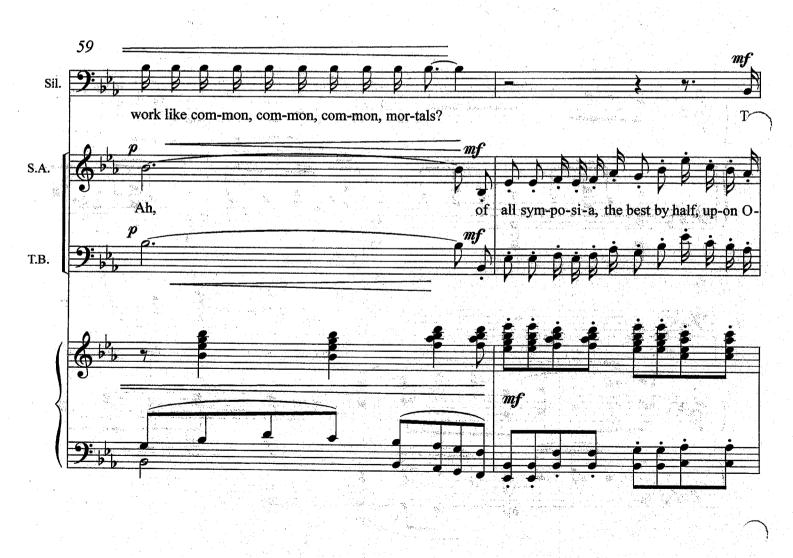






















(Exeunt ALL but NICEMIS, who is dressed as DIANA, SPARKEION, who is dressed as APOLLO, and PRETTEIA, who is dressed as VENUS. NICEMIS and PRETTIA take SILLIMON's arm and bring him down.)

SILLIMON. Bless their little hearts, I can refuse them nothing. As the Olympian stage-manager I ought to be strict with them and make them do their duty, but I can't. Bless their little hearts, when I see the pretty little craft come sailing up to me with a wheedling smile on their pretty little figureheads, I can't turn my back on 'em. I'm all bow, though I'm sure I try to be stern.

**PRETTEIA.** You certainly are a dear old thing.

SILLIMON. She says I'm a dear old thing! Deputy Venus says I'm a dear old thing!

**NICEMIS.** It's her affectionate habit to describe everybody in those terms. I am more particular, but still even I am bound to admit that you are certainly a very dear old thing.

**SILLIMON** Deputy Venus says I'm a dear old thing, and deputy Diana, who is much more particular, endorses it! Who could be severe with such deputy divinities!

PRETTEIA. Do you know, I'm going to ask you a favour.

**SILLIMON.** Venus is going to ask me a favour!

PRETTEIA. You see, I am Venus.

**SILLIMON.** No one who saw your face would doubt it.

NICEMIS. (aside). No one who knew her character would!

PRETTEIA. Well, Venus, you know, is married to Mars...

**SILLIMON**. To Vulcan, my dear, to Vulcan. The exact connubial relation of the different gods and goddesses is a point on which we must be extremely particular.

**PRETTEIA.** That's exactly my difficulty. Timidon takes the place of Mars, and Timidon is my brother!

**SILLIMON**. Then why object to Vulcan?

PRETTEIA. Because Vulcan is my grandfather!

SILLIMON. But my dear, what an objection. You are playing a part till the real gods return. That's all! Whether you are supposed to be married to your brother or your grandfather, what does it matter? This passion for realism is the curse of the stage!

**PRETTEIA**. That's all very well, but I can't throw myself into a part that has already lasted a twelvemonth, when I have to play love scenes with my brother. It spoils the part.

**SILLIMON**. Well, well, I'll see what can be done. (*Exit PRETTEIA*.) That's always the way with beginners, they've no imaginative power. A true artist ought to be superior to such considerations. Well, Nicemis — I should say Diana — what's wrong with you? Don't you like your part?

NICEMIS. Oh, immensely! It's great fun.

SILLIMON. Don't you find it lonely out by yourself all night?

NICEMIS. Oh, but I'm not alone all night!

**SILLIMON**. But — I don't want to ask any injudicious questions — but who accompanies you?

NICEMIS. Who? Why Sparkeion, of course.

SILLIMON. Sparkeion? Well, but Sparkeion is Phoebus Apollo. He's the Sun, you know.

NICEMIS. Of course he is. I should catch my death of cold in the night air if he didn't accompany me.

**SPARK**. My dear Sillimon, it would never do for a young lady to be out alone all night. It wouldn't be respectable.

**SILLIMON.** There's a good deal of truth in that. But still — the Sun — at night — I don't like the idea. The original Diana always went out alone.

NICEMIS. I hope the original Diana is no rule for me. After all, what does it matter?

**SILLIMON**. To be sure — what *does* it matter?

SPARK. The sun at night, or in the daytime!

**SILLIMON**. So that he shines. That's all that's necessary. (*Exit NICEMIS*.) But poor Daphne, what will she say to this?

**SPARK**. Oh, Daphne can console herself: young ladies soon get over this sort of thing. Did you never hear of the young lady who was engaged to cousin Robin?

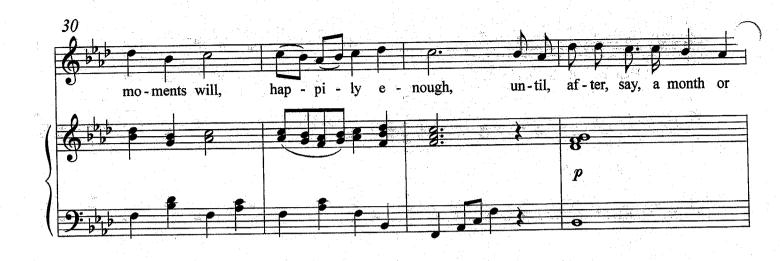
SILLIMON. Never.

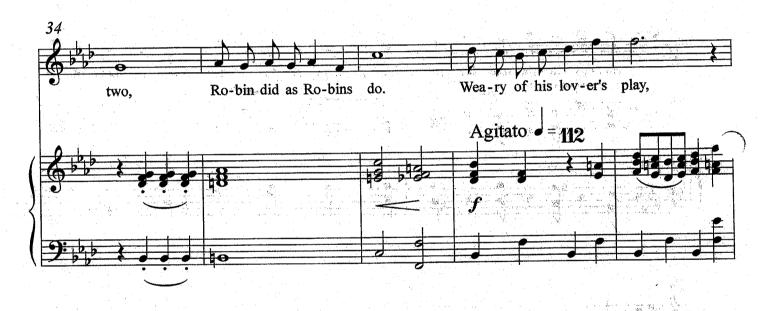
SPARK. Then I'll sing it to you.

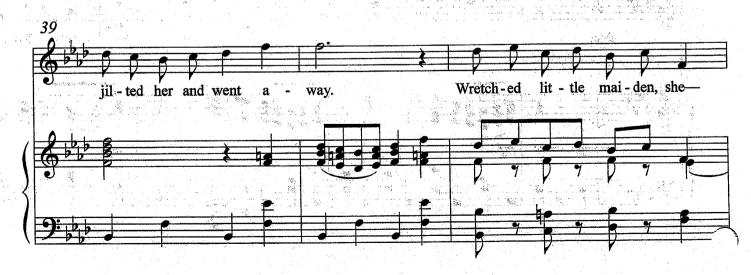
## No. 11 "Little Maid of Arcadee" Sparkeion















## No. 12 Mercury's Entrance (Orchestra)



**SILLIMON.** Well, Mercury, my boy, you've had a year's experience of us up here. How do we do it? I think we're rather an improvement on the original gods — don't you?

Repeat once, then as needed.

MERCURY. Well, you see, there's a good deal to be said on both sides of the question. You are certainly younger than the original gods, and, therefore, more active. On the other hand, they are certainly older than you, and have, therefore, more experience. On the whole, I prefer you, because your mistakes amuse me.

No. 13
"Olympus is Now in a Terrible Muddle"
Mercury























THESPIS. (Entering) Sillimon, you can retire.

SILLIMON. Sir, I —

THESPIS. Don't pretend you can't when I say you can. I've seen you do it, go. (Exit SILLIMON bowing extravagantly. THESPIS imitates him.) Well, Mercury, I've been in power one year to-day.

MERCURY. One year to-day. How do you like ruling the world?

THESPIS. Like it! Why it's as straightforward as possible. Why there hasn't been a hitch of any kind since we came up here. Lor'! The airs you gods and goddesses give yourselves are perfectly sickening. Why it's mere child's play!

**MERCURY**. Very simple, isn't it?

THESPIS. Simple! Why I could do it on my head!

MERCURY. Ah I daresay you will do it on your head very soon.

THESPIS. What do you mean by that, Mercury?

MERCURY. Nothing except — well, you leave so much to accident.

THESPIS. Well, Mercury, if I do, it's my principle. I am an easy man, and I like to make things as pleasant as possible. What did I do the day we took office? Why, I called the company together and I said to them: "Here we are, you know, gods and goddesses, no mistake about it, the real thing. Well, we have certain duties to discharge; let's discharge them intelligently. Don't let us be hampered by routine and red tape and precedent; let's set the original gods an example, and put a liberal interpretation on our duties. If it occurs to any one to try an experiment in his own department, let him try it; if he fails there's no harm done; if he succeeds it is a distinct gain to society. Take it easy," I said, "and at the same time, make experiments. Don't hurry your work, do it slowly and do it well." And here we are after a twelvemonth, and not a single complaint or a single petition has reached me.

MERCURY. No — not yet.

THESPIS. What do you mean by "no, not yet"?

MERCURY. Well, you see, you don't understand these things. All the petitions that are addressed by men to Jupiter pass through my hands, and it's my duty to collect them and present them once a year.

THESPIS. Oh, only once a year?

MERCURY. Only once a year.

**THESPIS.** And the year is up?

MERCURY. To-day.

THESPIS. Oh, then I suppose there are some complaints. 

MERCURY. Yes, there are some.

THESPIS (disturbed). Oh. Perhaps there are a good many?

**MERCURY**. There are, a good many.

THESPIS. Oh. Perhaps there are a thundering lot?

**MERCURY**. There are a thundering lot.

**THESPIS** (very much disturbed). Oh!

MERCURY. You see you've been taking it so very easy — and so have most of your company.

THESPIS. Oh, who has been taking it easy?

MERCURY. Well, all except those who have been trying experiments.

THESPIS Well, but I suppose the experiments are ingenious?

MERCURY. Yes, they are ingenious, but on the whole ill-judged. But it's time to go and summon your court.

THESPIS. What for?

MERCURY. To hear the complaints. In half an hour they will be here. (Exit.)

**THESPIS** (very uneasy) I don't know how it is, but there is something in that young man's manner that suggests that the Father of the Gods has been taking it too easy. I wonder what my comapny's been doing. I think I will curtail their discretion; though none of them appear to have much of the article, it seems a pity to deprive 'em of what little they have. (Enter DAPHNE, weeping). Now, then, Daphne, what's the matter with you?

DAPHNE. Well, you know how disgracefully Sparkeion —

THESPIS (correcting her). Apollo

**DAPHNE.** Apollo, then — has treated me. He promised to marry me years ago, and now he's married to Nicemis.

**THESPIS.** Now look here, I can't go into that. You're in Olympus now and must behave accordingly. Drop your Daphne — assume your Calliope.

DAPHNE. (Mysteriously) Quite so. That's it!

THESPIS. (Puzzled) Oh that is it?

**DAPHNE**. That is it, Thespis. I am Calliope the Muse of Fame. Very good. This morning I was in the Olympian library, and I took down the only book there. Here it is.

THESPIS (taking it). Lemprière's Classical Dictionary. The Olympian Peerage.

**DAPHNE**. Open it at Apollo.

THESPIS (opens it). It is done.

DAPHNE. Read.

THESPIS. "Apollo was several times married, among others to Issa, Bolina, Coronis, Chymene, Cyrene, Chione, Acacallis, and Calliope."

**DAPHNE** And Calliope.

THESPIS (musing). Ha! I didn't know he was married to them.

DAPHNE (severely). Sir! This is the Family Edition.

**THESPIS.** Quite so. (Enter NICEMIS and SPARKEION) Then by the Family Edition, Apollo is your husband.

NICEMIS. Apollo your husband? He is my husband.

**DAPHNE**. I beg your pardon. He is my husband.

NICEMIS. Apollo is Sparkeion and he's married to me.

**DAPHNE.** Sparkeion is Apollo and he's married to me.

NICEMIS. He's my husband.

**DAPHNE**. He's your brother.

THESPIS. Look here, Apollo, don't let's have any row about it; whose husband are you?

SPARK. Upon my honour I don't know. I'm in a very delicate position, but I'll fall in with any arrangement Thespis may propose.

**DAPHNE**. I've just found out that he's my husband and yet he goes out every evening with that "thing"!

THESPIS. Perhaps he's trying an experiment.

**DAPHNE**. I don't like my husband to make such experiments. The question is, who are we all and what is our relation to each other?

No. 14
"You're Diana, I'm Apollo"
Sparkeion, Daphne, Nicemis, Thespis







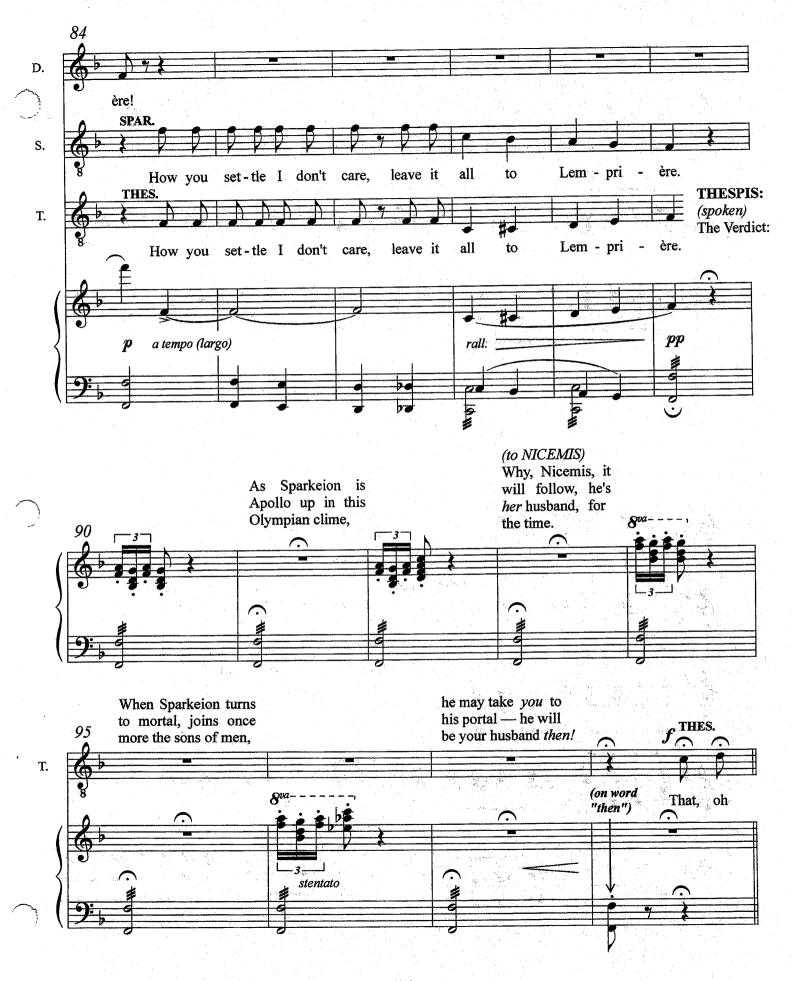








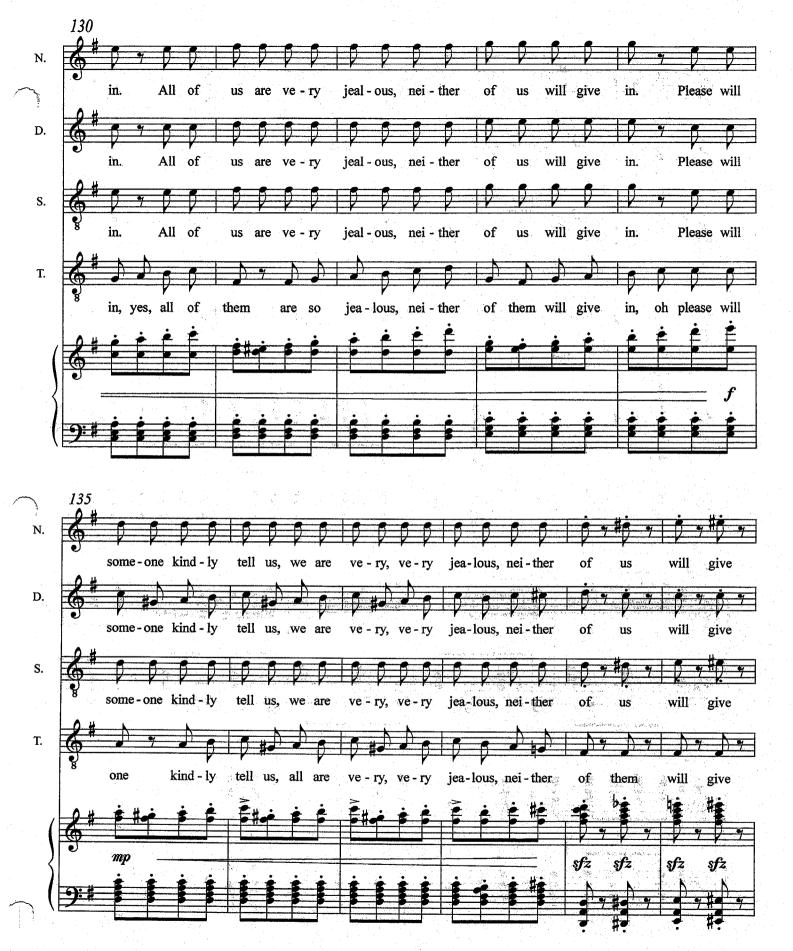














(Exeunt THESPIS, SPARKEION with DAPHNE. NICEMIS remains)

## No. 15 "Whispering Breeze" Nicemis











#### No. 16 ~ "Oh Rage and Fury" Jupiter, Diana, Mars, Apollo

(Mysterious music. Enter APOLLO, DIANA, and MARS, from below, at the back of stage. All wear cloaks as disguise and all are masked.)









MERCURY (In great terror). Please, sir, what have I done, Sir?

JUPITER. What did we leave you behind for?

MERCURY. Please, Sir, that's the question I asked when you went away.

Was it not that Thespis might consult you whenever he was in a difficulty?

MERCURY. Well, here I've been, ready to be consulted, chock-full of reliable information running over with celestial maxims — advice gratis ten to four — after twelve ring the night bell in cases of emergency.

And hasn't he consulted you? JUPITER.

MERCURY. He must have thought you said insult. Whenever I open my mouth he jumps down my throat. It isn't pleasant — especially when he always disagrees with you. It's just the sort of thing I can't digest.

(in a rage). Send him here. I'll talk to him! JUPITER

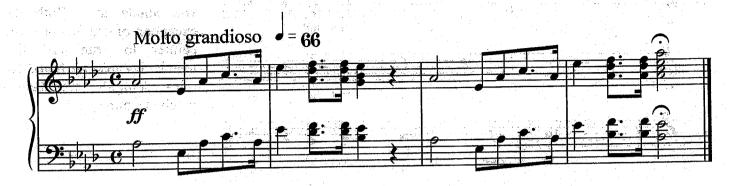
# No. 17 ~ "Oh Monster!" Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, Diana, (Thespis)





**THESPIS.** My dear fellows, you're distressing yourselves unnecessarily. The court of Olympus is about to assemble to listen to the complaints of the year, if any. But there are none, or next to none. (Loud) Let the Olympians assemble!

### No. 18 Entrance of Thespians (Orchestra)



(The Gods replace their masks. Enter THESPIANS. THESPIS takes chair. JUPITER, APOLLO, DIANA and MARS sit below him.)

**THESPIS.** Ladies and gentlemen. It seems that it is usual for the gods to assemble once a year to listen to mortal petitions. It don't seem to me to be a good plan, as work is liable to accumulate, but as I'm particularly anxious not to interfere with Olympian precedent, but to allow everything to go on as it has always been accustomed to go, why we'll say no more about it. (Aside to JUPITER.) But how shall I account for your presence?

JUPITER. Say we are members of the press.

**THESPIS.** (Aloud) That all our proceedings may be perfectly open and above-board I have communicated with the most influential members of the Athenian press, and I beg to introduce to your notice four of its most distinguished members.

(Business of introduction. THESPIS very uneasy.)

Now, then, if you're all ready we will begin.

to the New Arina I

MERCURY (brings tremendous bundles of petitions). Here is the agenda.

THESPIS. What's that? The petitions?

MERCURY. Some of them. (Opens one and reads.) Ah, I thought there'd be a row about it.

THESPIS. Why, what's wrong now?

MERCURY. Why, it's been a foggy Friday in November for the last six months and the Athenians are tired of it.

THESPIS. There's no pleasing some people. This craving for perpetual change is the curse of the country. Friday's a very nice day.

MERCURY. So it is, but a Friday six months long — it gets monotonous.

JUPITER, APOLLO, DIANA and MARS (Unison, rising). It's perfectly ridiculous!

THESPIS (calming them). It shall be arranged. Cymon!

CYMON (as Time, with the usual attributes). Sir!

**THESPIS** (introducing him to three gods). Allow me — Father Time — rather young at present but even Time must have a beginning. In course of Time, Time will grow older. Now then, Father Time, what's this about a wet Friday in November for the last six months?

CYMON. Well, the fact is, I've been trying an experiment. Seven days in the week is an awkward number. It can't be halved. Two's into seven won't go.

(tries it on his fingers). Quite so — quite so. THESPIS

CYMON. So I abolished Saturday.

JUPITER, APOLLO, DIANA and MARS. Oh, but — (rising).

THESPIS. Do be quiet. He's a very intelligent young man and knows what he is about. So you abolished Saturday. And how did you find it answered?

CYMON. Admirably.

You hear? He found it answered admirably. THESPIS.

Yes, only Sunday refused to take its place. CYMON.

THESPIS. Sunday refused to take its place?

Sunday comes after Saturday — Sunday won't go on duty after Friday, Sunday's principles are very strict. That's where my experiment sticks.

THESPIS. Well, but why November? Come! why November?

CYMON. December can't begin till November has finished. November can't finish because I've abolished Saturday. There again my experiment sticks.

Well, but why wet? Come, now, why wet? THESPIS.

CYMON. Ah, that's your fault. You turned on the rain six months ago and you forgot to turn it off again.

JUPITER, MARS, DIANA and APOLLO (In unison, rising.). Oh, this is monstrous!

(Variously) Order, order! ALL.

THESPIS. (To the GODS) Do be seated. (To the OTHERS.) The liberty of the press, one can't help it. (To the GODS.) It is easily settled. Athens has had a wet Friday in November for the last six months. Let them have a blazing Tuesday in July for the next twelve.

JUPITER, MARS, DIANA and APOLLO. But —

Order, order! ALL.

THESPIS. Now, then, the next article.

MERCURY. Here's a petition from the Peace Society. They complain that there are no more battles.

(springing up). What! MARS

THESPIS. Quiet there! Good dog — soho. Timidon!

TIMIDON (as Mars). Here.

THESPIS. What's this about there being no battles?

**TIMIDON.** I've abolished battles; it's an experiment.

MARS (springing up). Oh, come, I say —

THESPIS. Quiet, then! (To TIMIDON.) Abolished battles?

TIMIDON. Yes, you told us on taking office to remember two things, to try experiments and to take it easy. I found I couldn't take it easy while there are any battles to attend to, so I tried the experiment and abolished battles. And then I took it easy. The Peace Society ought to be very much obliged to me.

THESPIS. Obliged to you? Why, confound it! since battles have been abolished war is universal.

War universal? TIMIDON.

THESPIS. To be sure it is! Now that nations can't fight, no two of 'em are on speaking terms. The dread of fighting was the only thing that kept them civil to each other. Let battles be restored and peace reign supreme.

MERCURY (reads). Here's a petition from the associated wine merchants of Mytilene.

THESPIS. Well, what's wrong with the associated wine merchants of Mytilene? Are there no grapes this year?

MERCURY. Plenty of grapes, more than usual.

THESPIS (to the gods). You observe, there's no deception, there are more than usual.

MERCURY. There are plenty of grapes, only they are full of ginger beer.

JUPITER, MARS, DIANA and APOLLO. Oh, come, I say! (rising, they are put down by THESPIS).

Eh? what? (Much alarmed.) Bacchus? THESPIS.

TIPSEION (as Bacchus). Here!

THESPIS. There seems to be something unusual with the grapes of Mytilene, they only grow ginger beer.

TIPSEION And a very good thing too.

THESPIS. It's very nice in its way, but it is not what one looks for from grapes.

TIPSEION. Beloved master, a week before we came up here, you insisted on my taking the pledge. By so doing you rescued me from my otherwise inevitable misery. I cannot utter my thanks. Embrace me! (Attempts to embrace him.)

THESPIS. Get out, don't be a fool. Look here, you know you're the God of Wine.

TIPSEION. I am.

THESPIS (Very angry). Well, do you consider it consistent with your duty as the God of Wine to make the grapes yield nothing but ginger beer?

TIPSEION. Do you consider it consistent with my duty as a total abstainer, to grow anything stronger than ginger beer?

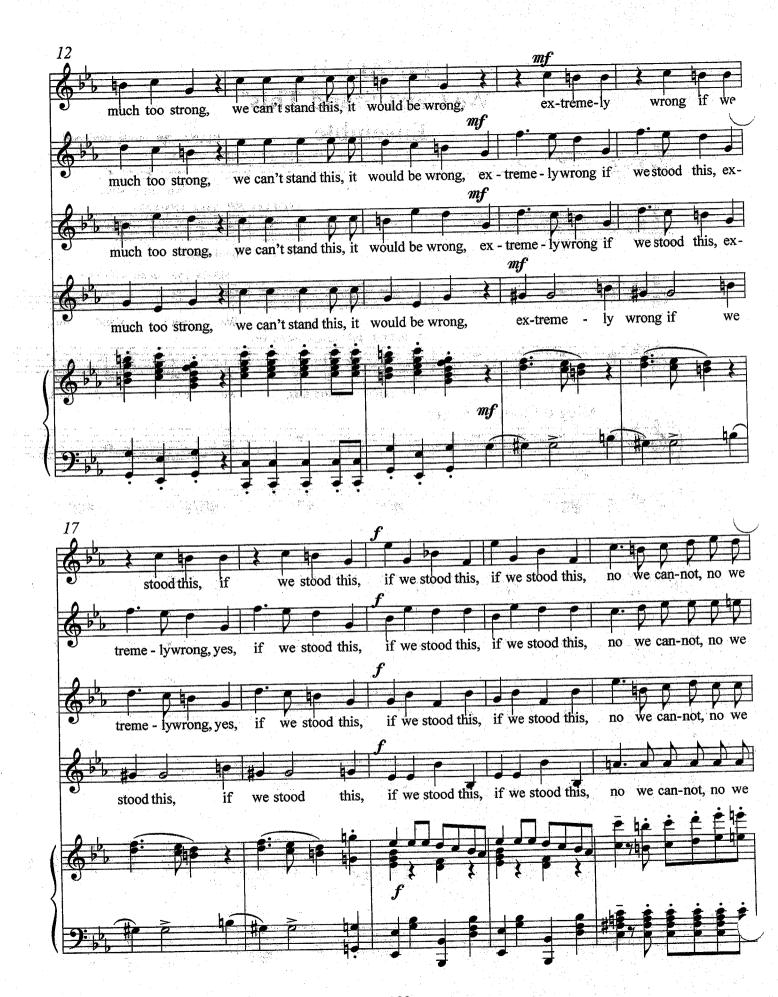
THESPIS. But your duty as the God of Wine -

TIPSEION. In every respect in which my duty as the God of Wine can be discharged consistently with my duty as a total abstainer, I will discharge it. But when the functions clash, everything must give way to the pledge. My preserver! (Attempts to embrace him.)

THESPIS. Don't be a confounded fool! This can be arranged. We can't give over the wine this year, but at least we can improve the ginger beer. Let all the ginger beer be extracted from it immediately.

#### No. 19 FINALE II "We Can't Stand This"









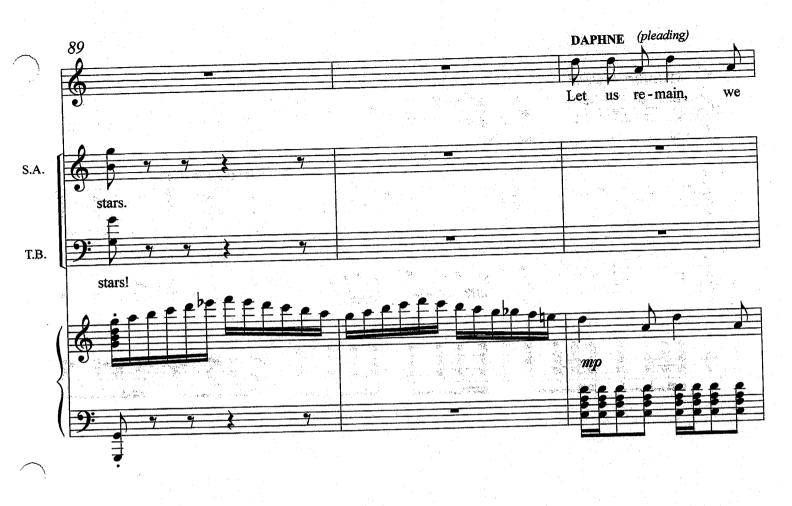






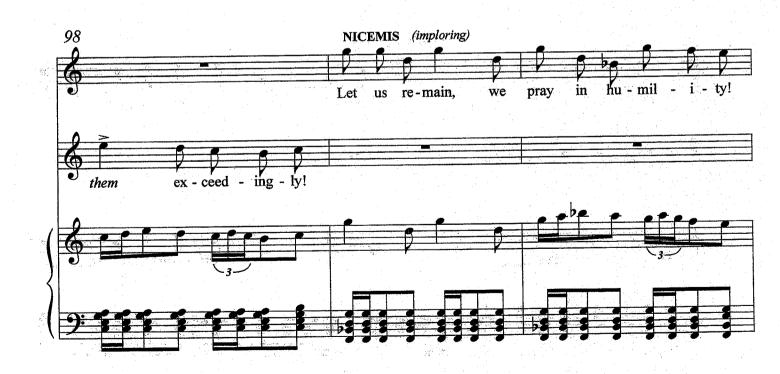




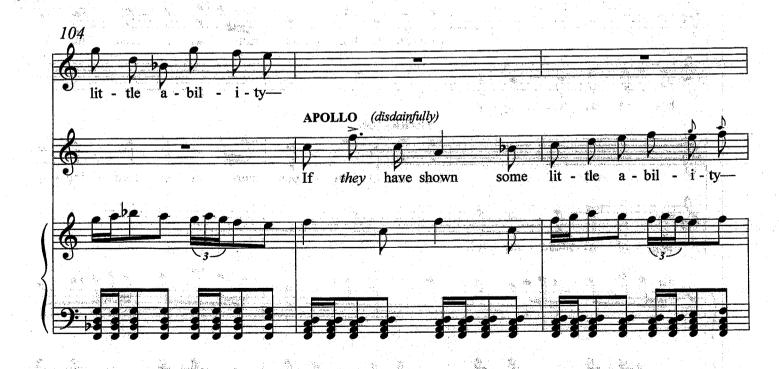




































(The THESPIANS are divested of their godly insignias by THE GODS, who group themselves in attitudes of triumph.)















### THE END